

# THE NEWS-HERALD.

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## MEXICO AND AROUND THERE.

The city of Mexico contains 400,000 people. It is situated in the midst of several beautiful lakes, in a valley surrounded by high mountains. The floor of the valley is nearly 8000 feet above the sea level and the latitude of the city is 19 1/2 degrees, being thus four degrees south of the tropic of Cancer. Ten centuries ago this basin was the seat of the old Aztec civilization, strikingly similar to that of Egypt and vastly superior in many respects to that which the Spanish invaders imposed upon it. For nearly four hundred years this city has been the center of political and civil tumults not equaled by any city in the world, unless it be Paris.

These are some of the facts which make the valley of Mexico a place of interest to the tourist, whether he is inclined to business, history, art, antiquity or modern social questions, and these are some of the reasons for the feelings of excitement and enthusiasm with which the American passengers on the Central Express gazed from their windows for the first view of the city as the train entered the valley of Mexico. On account of the great number of churches with their graceful spires and swelling domes, the City of Mexico presents from the distance an imposing appearance. One can easily share the burst of admiration which Cortez felt when he first beheld the city from the mountain top. While the natural scenery is still the same as that upon which the Spanish conqueror gazed, the city which then occupied this site was purely Aztec. I think I am correct in stating that not one stone is left upon another of the original Indian city which Cortez found. History and philosophy could well spare all that Spanish Mexico has contributed to the world's advancement for one year's scientific study of Indian Mexico as it stood on the day when the work of destruction began.

The train crosses the low lands on a causeway and enters the gates of the city. The depot and its surroundings are of course intensely American. All train men and employees of any responsibility are Americans though the business of the roads is carried on in Spanish. The command for starting a train is "Vamamos," but you often hear it pronounced with a decided Irish accent. The news boys show bright American faces, though on their cap is printed "Agente des publicaciones." The passenger does not feel that he has gotten entirely out of the United States as long as he remains in his Pullman sleeper. We suggest that the same laws of citizenship which apply to an American vessel in foreign ports should apply to these wonderful ships of the land which are getting every year to wander farther and farther from home.

Once out of the sleeper and out of the gates of the depot the traveler has embarked on a turbulent sea of Spanish in which he is without chart or compass. The rustic visitor to the city is always greatly attracted by the signs and so as I drove through the street to my destination I was deeply engaged in translating the inscriptions over the doors. One which occurred with great frequency was the word "Cantina." This I immediately supposed to have some etymological connection with canteen, decanter, etc., and my theory was greatly strengthened by the rows of drinking mugs ranged along the counters within and various other bear-eyed "mugs" which were loitering about the doors. "Carniceria" I translated to mean "meatshop," though it is but fair to say that I was helped to the conclusion by the display of attenuated goat hams which generally adorned the windows.

The principal streets are wide and well paved and the business buildings are large and many of them magnificent. The house at which I stayed during my visit is on the most prominent street, running from the Grand Plaza past the Alameda to the Paseo. It is a type of the better class of buildings in the city. The ground floor is occupied with offices. It is entered by a single high arched door which leads to an open court. All the rooms of the second and third floor open upon balconies which extend around the court. The porches are supported by granite pillars and flights of stately stone stairs lead up to the roof. American residents would much prefer homes built on the modern plan but to visitors this rather pretentious style of architecture has the attraction of novelty. They are just such houses as we read about in books but never see and are very romantic.

In walking along the streets you catch some beautiful glimpses through the great entrance doors of the aristocratic houses. The balconies are frequently ornamented with flowers, vines, hanging birds and fountains which make these courts look like little alhambras.

Every family of consequence supports a coach which is generally kept standing at the foot of the stairs under the porch and in such a position as to be plainly seen from the street. In Mexico City every man's house is his castle. In case of a revolution or a riot, which has been of monthly occurrence up till the last few years, the rich are the first to be attacked by the mob. At such times it is found convenient to have one's possessions all within doors and for that reason horses and carriage are kept in the house. The front doors are always massive and look like when once locked they might withstand an army. Every entrance has its porter who sleeps by the door and after a certain hour of the night the proprietor himself cannot enter without paying gate money.

The particular building in which I lodged is situated on San Francisco street near the church of San Felipe. In fact it was once a monastery belonging to that institution but during some revolution the church property was "secularized" and the politician to whose lot the monastery fell fixed it up as a dwelling house. In place of crosses, beads and prayers the sunny rooms of the third floor are occupied by a colony of pleasant American families who have a little United States up there all to themselves. French Creoles from New Orleans, Bourbons from Virginia and Kentucky and Presbyterian blue-stockings from Ohio are happily fraternized into an epitome of American society. Amid these pleasant surroundings my week's sojourn in a monastery will always be remembered as a green spot. Sleeping in a monk's cell is not so bad—when its asperities are softened by elegant modern furnishings and the absence of the monk.

It may surprise the lady readers of the NEWS-HERALD to know that there is not a stove in Mexico City. The delightful June weather during January and February causes little need for fire. When a chilly day does come, however, those who are not busy enough to keep warm go to bed till the cold snap blows over. The cooking even in American households is done by native servants who require only a little brick oven, a little charcoal and a few earthenware vessels. With these simple appliances they prepare about all the modern dishes in very palatable style. Nobody can tell how it is done but all are satisfied with the results. The entire absence of chimneys and of smoke is very noticeable in taking a bird's-eye view of the city.

One of the first places to visit is the Cathedral of Mexico upon the Grand Plaza. It stands upon the spot once occupied by the Aztec Temple of the Sun and is one of the largest cathedrals in the world. St. Peter's and two or three others in Europe being larger. Its length is 500 feet by 400 in width. The foundation was laid in 1573 and the capstone in 1667. The style of architecture is a mixture of Grecian and Gothic, but in massive grandeur as well as in antiquity it exceeds any other building on this continent. It is the central point about which Mexican history has revolved. A hundred political revolutions have taken place in the plaza before its doors but it has stood unaltered amid the changes of three hundred years, a type of the most permanent and enduring of all human organizations, the Roman Catholic Church.

The scene from the top of the tower is surpassingly grand. At your feet lies the Plaza, where Cortez and Montezuma met in parley, where Scott's brave troops held their triumphal review and where many a bloody revolution and mob demonstration has been enacted. It is now laid off with grass plots and shade trees and in the evenings the famous Mexican Band discourses music to the populace. The whole city lies stretched out before you like a map, the monotony of flat roofs being relieved by the towers, domes and Gothic arches of the 127 churches which the city contains. The various causeways lined with trees can be seen stretching out across the marsh lands radiating in every direction to the suburban towns at the foot of the surrounding mountains. The silver waters of Lake Texcoco are plainly visible. Off to the right the rocky eminence upon which the castle of Chapultepec is built rises abruptly from the plain. In another part of the valley a similar hill is seen concerning which the natives have a curious legend. This hill is believed to be an incipient volcano which whenever the cup of Mexican iniquity is full will open its vent and visit the fate of Sodom and Gomorrah upon the inhabitants. But grandest of all yonder toward the southeast loom up the dim silvery peaks of Popocatepetl and Ixtaccihuatl. About the head of each there lingers a light fleecy cloud but the sunlight reflected through sixty miles of atmosphere bathes all in a blue enchantment which only distance lends.

At first glance along the horizon you might take them to be sunlit clouds, so nearly do they partake of the color of the sky, but a closer look brings out their outlines. The influence of these hoary head summits upon the mind of a plain dweller is irresistible. Which ever way you look your gaze is drawn back to them. The feelings they inspire are those of sublimity, reverence and worship.

The morning we visited the cathedral the news had just been received of the death of the Archbishop of Mexico and solemn masses were in progress. The roar of the great organ filled the lofty spaces and the music was weird and majestic but not beautiful. As the sacred procession moved along the aisle from the choir to the altar we beheld the impressive spectacle of two thousand worshippers kneeling in silence. Most of them were Indian women of the poorest class, but here and there amongst the kneeling throng appeared an elegantly attired lady or a Spanish gentleman of distinguished appearance and faultless dress. My lady companion knelt devoutly at the altar of her patron saint which stood in a dim alcove behind an iron railing. While I maintained an attitude of respect, if not of reverence, my eyes fell upon a marble sarcophagus resting beside the altar on which in the dim religious light I deciphered the words, *Rubide—Liberador*. Here then were the ashes of the great Mexican patriot, the Emperor Rubide. Like Washington he threw off the yoke of Spain's oppression, but unlike him him had the weakness to usurp the throne. He had himself crowned as emperor under this very dome, and though he was afterwards shot as a traitor his bones are honored by a resting place here. He called himself emperor, but his countrymen have inscribed on his coffin a nobler title, *Liberator*. In this case it is the good that men do that lives after them. While the incense went up to the memory of the dead prelate, I paid silent homage to the genius of the man who had had the courage and ability to do something.

The little village of Guadalupe, four miles out from the city, is one of the places prescribed by the guide-book for every one to visit. There may be seen the sacred picture of the Virgin miraculously painted on a cloak. An Indian once picked some flowers on the hill and wrapped them in his garment. When he brought them home he found instead of the flowers the picture indelibly imprinted there. It was framed and has hung in the church at Guadalupe for a couple of hundred years. If any one doubts the accuracy of this statement they may satisfy themselves by visiting Guadalupe and seeing the picture for themselves. Just outside the church is a sacred well whose waters are believed to have some miraculous power. The liquid does have a peculiar taste and smell which makes it not unpleasant to drink. We believe, however, that in connection with a little soap it could be used with sanctifying effect upon the pious pilgrims who visit it. As we came out of the church a funeral procession came panting up the steep hill, the coffin resting upon the shoulders of four bearers. We fell into the rear and followed to the little cemetery which stands at the top. Here while deciphering the different inscriptions we came by accident upon the tomb of Santa Anna, who lies buried there. Of all Mexicans his name is most familiar to Americans. With the exception of the wooden leg which he left in his flight before Scott's victorious army, his mortal remains rest here on top of the sacred mountain overlooking the city on whose history he played so important a part. Little regard is paid to his tomb by the public. It is a good place to stand and moralize on the deceitfulness of human greatness.

## How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props, Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

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## WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From our regular correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 20, 1891.

The President and his entire Cabinet, with the exception of Secretary Proctor, who at the last minute found it impossible to get away, returned late last night from New York, where they went to attend the funeral of the late Gen. Sherman. Mr. Harrison has kept his own counsel well in the matter of selecting a successor to the late Secretary Windom, but a gentleman whose relations with the administration are very close, informs me that he has reason to believe that the selection has been made, and that it will probably be sent to the Senate at once. This gentleman declined to say who the new Secretary was, but from certain remarks he made during our conversation I think that he believes an ex-Governor of Ohio is the fortunate man. The appointment of Gov. Foster would prove entirely satisfactory to Republicans here and, I presume, throughout the country.

The House Committee on coinage reported the free coinage bill to the House this afternoon, and its friends will make a desperate attempt to get it called up for action to be taken upon it, but they admit that their prospect of succeeding is not very brilliant. Its opponents, among whom are Speaker Reed and a majority of the committee that reported the bill and a number of prominent Democrats, are just as fully determined as ever that it shall not be voted upon, and in order to make assurance doubly sure the Republican leaders have telegraphed to all of the Republican absentees, about twenty in number, requesting them to come here and to remain until the end of the session.

This action was considered necessary in order to prevent the Democrats from filibustering in the House, making an extra session necessary, as it is believed that they will do if there is not a quorum of Republicans constantly on hand.

The Senate has, after amending it in several important particulars, against the protests of many of its advocates, passed the copyright bill. Unless the House will concur in these amendments, which is doubtful, even if the bill can get the right of way, which is still more doubtful, the bill will be dead for the present session.

The bill increasing the pension of Mrs. Gen. Custer to \$100 a month now only lacks the President's signature to become a law. When it was voted upon in the Senate Senator Plumb asked Senator Davis, Chairman of the Pension Committee, if that committee had given any consideration to raising the pensions of the widows of private soldiers. Mr. Davis replied that the matter had never been before the committee.

Representative-elect Jerry Simpson, of Kansas, and several of the Farmers' Alliance men who are to be his colleagues in the Fifty-second Congress are here. These gentlemen are here ostensibly to familiarize themselves with congressional duties, etc., but I am told by Democrats, friends of at least two of the candidates for Speaker of the next House, that their real object in coming here is to "dicker" with several of the candidates for Speaker in behalf of the Farmers' Alliance members of the next House. According to the same informant matters have not yet gone beyond the "dickering" stage. One of them puts it this way: "That fellow Simpson is as sharp as you make them, and he doesn't propose committing the Alliance men to any but a winning candidate for Speaker. He's after good committee assignments for himself and friends, and he knows they can only be had by picking the winner in the race. As soon as he learns that any one of the candidates has enough votes, with the Alliance men added to elect him, a bargain will be struck."

Speaker Reed was quite ill this week from the effects of a very hard chill, and for a time there was some uneasiness over his condition, but it is now happily past. The House by acclamation elected Representative Payson, of Illinois, Speaker pro tem, during Mr. Reed's absence.

Admiral Porter's funeral on Tuesday was one of the most largely attended ever held here, and thousands of citizens followed the military and naval procession all the way to Arlington cemetery, where he was buried.

The anti-Cleveland letter is diminishing, and many Democrats acknowledge that he is a "bigger" man than his party, and that he will be nominated for President in spite of his views.

By the way, speaking of Presidential nominations, Senator Teller is not very well pleased to know that certain Democratic Senators are talking him up as a

## Royal Baking Powder

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A Cream of Tartar Baking Powder. Found Superior to all others in Strength and Leavening Power.—U. S. Government Report, 1889.

## Light Sweet Wholesome Bread Delicious Pastry

Democratic candidate on a free trade and free silver platform. Mr. Teller isn't a Democrat, and couldn't be if he tried, though for the time being his opinion on the silver question happens to coincide with that of a majority of that party.

## HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Man cannot live on bread alone, but requires some of the delicacies along with the substantial things of life. The ladies of Hillsboro and vicinity appreciate this fact and have consented to give to the readers of the NEWS-HERALD some of the receipts with which they have been successful and which have proved to be favorites in their households. Along with politics, business and news the art of good living must not be neglected. Some of the political discontent of the time may be due to poor digestion, so that this column is in the interest of the public order. The following have been collected by Miss Woods Walker and others will be given at another time. No doubt every one of our lady readers has some receipt that is "just lovely," and we hope they will let others try it. Here is a little rhyme to begin with which every housewife should cut out and paste in her receipt book.

"Have everything ready before you begin it, And leave nothing out that you ought to put in it. Be sure that your oven is 'just right' to bake it. At 'just the right time' from the oven you must take it, And all who partake will cry 'How did you make it?'"

## BANANA CREAM.

One quart of milk, one cup sugar, one-third box gelatine, four eggs. Heat the milk and gelatine till dissolved, add yolks and flour with vanilla. When thick as cream beat whites to a froth, and stir till well mixed. Four bananas sliced into a mould, strain the custard over them, and when cold eat with cream.

Mrs. L. H. D.

## ORANGE SPONGE.

Dissolve three and a half sheets of Cooper's gelatine in water and add to it one pound of sugar on which you have previously squeezed the juice of six good-sized oranges and one and a half lemons. Add the whites of three eggs well beaten, and beat all together until the mixture is thick and frothy. Turn into a mold and set on ice. Serve with whipped cream.

Mrs. E. L. F.

## HAMBURGH CREAM.

(Delicious when eggs are cheap.) Juice of two lemons and grated rind one-half tea cup water, yolks of eight eggs beaten very light, one-half pound sugar. Put over the fire stirring constantly until thick as honey, then pour in the whites well beaten and take off fire instantly. When cold grate cocoanut over the top.

Mrs. N. O'H. B.

## ECONOMICAL SOUPS.

From yesterday's dinner we had about one-third pint of stewed tomatoes, one quart baked beans and one-half pint gravy from roast beef. For dinner to-day we put them all into the soup kettle with three quarts of hot water, about 10 o'clock, and let them boil slowly until about ten minutes before dinner. Pour through colander into stew pan, rubbing beans through with potato masher, then return to the stove and add thickening of two tablespoonful of flour, rubbed smooth in cold milk, one-half tablespoonful Worcestershire sauce and salt to taste. Have two hard boiled eggs sliced into tureen, pour soup over and serve.

Miss A. S.

Invalids find Mellin's Food a most satisfactory and nourishing article of diet. Its method of preparation renders it acceptable to the most delicate stomach, and its strengthening properties are wonderful.

## VARIETIES.

The strongest microscope would fail to detect any traces of reciprocity between Hon. Henry Watterson, of Kentucky, and Hon. David B. Hill, of New York.

The news of the arrest of the Secretary of the whisky trust charged with conspiracy to blow up the distillery of a man not in the trust, makes it apparent that whisky is a dangerous commodity, viewed from any standpoint.

Guardian Grover Cleveland has forbidden the celebration of the marriage of Miss Democracy to Mr. Farmers' Alliance, although the bans had been regularly and properly published and the silver presents were ready for delivery. An elopement is expected by the friends of the parties.

The fact that after the first day of April this country will enjoy the fruits of reciprocity with Brazil, under the terms provided in the McKinley tariff law, is one that worries our Democratic friends no little. It knocks out all of their fine spun theories about the reciprocity clause of that law being merely attached for effect. It was attached for business, as they now see.

The Fifty-first Congress, now rapidly nearing its end, has been remarkable for a number of things it has done or left undone, but in nothing more so than in the number of members it has lost by death—greater than any other Congress. The recent death of Mr. Phelan makes the number of Representatives who have died, eleven. One Senator (Beck) has been taken, and another (Hearst) may not survive the session of Congress.

Ideas are after all the levers which move the world. The air-brake millionaire, Westinghouse, began life as an apprentice in a machine shop, and he served his full time therein. His idea of the air-brake has not only made him wealthy but is rated as one of the greatest life-saving inventions of the age. Brace up, young man, and give your brain a chance. Here is another instance of success attained by reason of ideas: Robert Buchanan, who is now recognized as one of the leading literary men of England, was only twenty years ago a poor boy living in a Scotch village, with no apparent prospect of either fame or fortune.

These lines, which will be remembered by everyone who has ever visited the beautiful soldiers' cemetery at Arlington, just across the Potomac from Washington, because of the frequency with which they appear, neatly printed upon boards about the grounds, are particularly appropriate to the recent deaths of Admiral Porter and General Sherman, who have gone to join the great phantom army and navy, composed of so many thousands of the gallant men who shared their trials and assisted in the accomplishment of their triumphs:

"On Fame's eternal camping ground Their silent tents are spread, And glory guards with solemn round The bivouac of the dead."

It would be much better, if instead of finding fault and trying to throw obstacles in the way of the management every newspaper in the country would do its part toward making the World's Fair a success. Its failure would not, as some people seem to suppose, be merely a disgrace to Chicago; it would be a national calamity that would cause the world to smile at our boasted superiority in wealth and intelligence. We have no idea that it will be a failure, in fact we know that it will not be. If Chicago cannot raise all of the money needed, Congress will supply it. The fair is bound to be held, and it is bound to eclipse all the exhibitions of a similar nature that have preceded it. That much is certain. But the thing will be much easier managed if the press will stop fault finding.